

My Hands Are Tied

The Flatliners

label me and instigate a fight
sign your name on the dotted line
we'll complain about the bill of human rights
stop me now, if you try i will only feed more lies
to the underbelly of a war we'd love to fight
the brouhaha of an entire nation
will you fight all of us?
one hand tied around your back and one in front to block the attack
back up a step and take a dive
it's over now, say goodbye
ask yourself a question why
find the person in yourself and release them to the world
when they reach the point of suicide, tell them that i say hi
proposition: truth
the young and old, the young and old
the youth of today need to find a better way to co-exist with all of this
it's bullshit, and everything you say is socially unsafe.

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